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*The* **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**



- **Musings of a Parent—Lois O. Strick**
- **Overcoming a Handicap—Elizabeth Waugh**

**JANUARY, 1958 — 25c**



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*The* **Hearthstone**  
*Magazine for the Christian Home*

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### Do Something Unusual

If you feel that you have "gotten into a rut" and your life has taken on a certain degree of mediocrity, it's time to do something unusual. Let people know that you're around! You don't have to do anything spectacular or obnoxious. Maybe just a new hair style is all that you need to make others sit up and take notice. I read about a young "average"-looking woman, who felt that her chances for matrimony were slim, and decided to change the odds a trifle. She bought herself a very gaudy, resplendent hat that attracted the attention of a young man. In a few months wedding bells were ringing.

When I was in college, I wore on my coat a small rubber monkey, called Charley, whose arms and legs would inflate and move about when I squeezed a bulb concealed in my pocket. I got many interesting friends by way of Charley.

You can think of a gimmick, too. Don't be a nonentity!

**What's Here?** We have some fine articles to start the new year.

Some of you parents may find many of your own ideas and observations expressed in Lois O. Swick's "Musings of a Parent." This is part I of a two-part article, and we're sure that it will help you to understand your children better.

In spite of the snow and slush tracked into the house by many little boots, Mary Peacock finds that winter is a rewarding season of the year. She expresses her thoughts in "Happy Wintertime."

Are your teen-agers lax and indifferent in their study habits? They needn't be, with a little help on your part. We urge you to read Lawrence P. Fitzgerald's article, "Help Them Get the Study Habit," if you want to perform a real service for your young people.

A handicapped woman, Elizabeth Waugh, tells others how they can triumph over their afflictions.

Many more people than you perhaps realize influence your children. Read about these "Family Friends," by Nancy Brewer.

**What's Coming?** Part II of "Musings of a Parent"; "Four Sisters of Song"; "The Family—God's Basic Unit"; "Helping Your Teen-Agers Face Illness." And others.

Till next month,

S. W.

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# MUSINGS OF A PARENT

by Lois O. Swick

## PART I

**P**EOPLE are important. Nothing in creation is of more value than a person.

My children are persons. Perhaps the greatest measure of my life is in what I am to them. Do they find in me a life bound together, unbroken? I tell them I love them and want good things for them, but words are such peculiar things! They really don't mean anything by themselves. They must be backed up by deeds. Already my child has faith, an amazing capacity to believe and trust! I want it to be a wholesome, empowering Christian faith, one that enables him to have a solid place on which to stand and something steady to hold to when everything else seems awry in this rather bewildering universe. I can't hand him that faith in a package all nicely wrapped and tied. For a faith to be *his* he must "grow" it from the inside out. One of the basic roots in such a faith must come from his relationships with me. For to him I represent authority

as well as protection and care. What is he to me? Do I recognize the "person" in him?

## Rights and Privileges of Personhood

He is my child—but he is not mine. I want him to have a real sense of belonging to me, yet I dare not act as though I own him! No person has the right to control another—to treat a person as a thing to be used, possessed, or mastered. Every individual should have an opportunity to make use of what he has to offer life. A child is entitled to all the rights and privileges of which he is capable at the moment. What rights and privileges has my child? Does he know that I think he has rights and privileges? Do I make sure that he has times when he can really do as *he* pleases? Is there a place, unviolated, for things that are *his*?

If he really belongs, he has the right to make his contribution. We really can work together. That table that we built for the back yard last summer paid far greater dividends than just a place for out-





**"I know that I love him,**

door meals. We shared in the experience even to piling up the pieces of scrap and cleaning paint off our skins. Much of one's definition of success and failure is derived from the contribution that he can make—and the way in which his contribution is received by those with whom he works.

Being a full-fledged participant in the affairs of family living is a part of the expression of "personhood." It means a rightful share in conversation. Do I *really listen* to my child? Do I try to enter into his world to appreciate, to understand, and to feel with him, not to dominate? Does he feel confused at being ignored sometimes when my adult friends are around, after getting all my attention when they are not around? He has things to tell that are important to him—like that new song that he learned yesterday. A warm feeling enveloped us as we sang his song together last night. The close comfort as we sat in silence just glad to belong to each other was thanking God for his "good gifts to the children of men."

Having a share in family events is part of belonging. Even a three-year-old can put stamps on Christmas cards. He may not yet be able to prepare a birthday dinner, but he can place the napkins on the table. Before he is able to "give" a party, he can share in the planning and "pass the cookies." I want him to find that life is fun. I want us to have fun together, often to feel the thrill of the childish words, "Let's do it again!" Does my family enjoy me, or does getting along with me seem a high price to pay for board and room?

If a child really belongs, he will share the home's resources and its hospitalities for *his* friends as well as ours. He doesn't know much about handling money, but he has the right to learn. He is entitled to a share of the family income—not because he has been good or has achieved, but because he *belongs* to the family. If I want him to feel that it is his share, I must never yield to the temptation to use *his* money as reward or punishment.

Most of the time we eat our meals together. Our experiences there should validate the things that we

say we believe about life and the universe and people and God. Some mealtimes provide only nourishment for the body and may not even do that satisfactorily because of criticism and contention and bristling atmosphere. Mealtime can be an experience of nourishing the whole person. How is it with us? About our family table is consideration given to the desires and wishes of each one, regardless of age? Does each member feel a sense of togetherness in a joyous fellowship?

#### **A Growing Person in the World of Things**

A child has high adventure as he meets the world of objects and materials. I shall try to encourage, not inhibit, his curiosity and interest as he runs to meet life. I want him never to lose completely the feeling that walking is too tame, nor to come to the attitude that the world is too much for him.

There are so many "why's" that need answers. As he comes into contact with nature, it touches his senses with sounds and colors, tastes and textures, forms and movements. How does one find out how all the strange things in the world work?

Maybe investigation of the world begins when he puts things into his mouth, or takes things apart, or tries to fit them together. There are so many forms of knowledge and skill to be acquired; so many things which have to be touched in order to learn that some things are hard, some soft, some cold, warm, sharp, smooth, rough. There are some things that won't "punch like clay." There are some things that will break—and that has to be learned, too.

If I want him to feel that what he can do with materials is worth doing, I won't take it out of his hands to do it for him. One has to learn that it is good to try and that failure is not catastrophe. Sometimes brother's block building has to be kicked over just to learn what happens. What *does* happen is important in that learning! Through manipulation of trucks and trains, he can learn how it feels to be "master" of a situation. Through his conversation and



but do I express it in ways that enable him to know it?"

his play he re-lives and digests experiences. Before he comes to enough command of words to express himself, he has "to play them." I can understand much about his thoughts and feelings, his growing and becoming as I observe or participate in his play. That can help to keep open the flow of feeling between us.

Growing takes a tremendous amount of thinking, feeling, and wondering. It takes lots of time for wondering about how a caterpillar spins a cocoon, how that "soft stuff" floats in the sky. There must be time to stand transfixed before a dewdrop on a petal, or to watch the iridescent play of color in soap bubbles, or to catch a snowflake on a mitten and watch its crystal resplendence disappear. Every child needs to sense and feel the soft yielding of water—to dip in, splash, to pour . . . And "goeey" things like clay and mud to slap, to squeeze, to smear. There are so many kinds of "know-how" to be gained on the way to an "I-can" feeling, so many complex maneuvers of the body to master. There are lots of things to jump over, to climb on, and crawl under before one has co-ordination enough to sit on a chair.

I want my child to have a sense of worth for his body—and to come to know that sex is "right and fine and a part of the spirit as well as the body."<sup>1</sup> I shall be neither surprised nor embarrassed when he asks, "What makes little girls different from little boys?" Can I always perform so as to build respect and appreciation for the role that he will take as a man, or that she will take as a woman?

To help my child keep his zest for life will mean answering hundreds of questions: "How does God make you ticklish?" "Why is the upstairs at the top?" The answers that he receives will mean something in his sense of kinship for all creation. I want him to question. I want him to try to gain understanding. He searches for meaning in the things that he feels and hears and touches. If he does have to be "pulled away from what has absorbed his inter-

est," I shall try to be sure that it is never with a "no" which reflects only my own timidity, distaste for dirt, or impatience.

### Loving Is Learned

It is in responding to love that one learns to love. "We love because he first loved us" (1 John 4:19). None of the "be good and I'll love you" in that! Does my child receive unconditional love, attached to himself as a person and not given for what he does that pleases me? I know that I love him, but do I express it in ways that enable *him* to know that I love and accept him just as he is? It takes lots of wisdom and patience not to make him feel unloved and unwanted when he has just thrown his shoe into the garbage can or has made crayon marks all over the wall. I shall remember that his behavior, too, has a cause and that the language of behavior *can* be understood. Perhaps the times that he most needs assurance of love are the times when his behavior must be rejected. At such times I shall take special care to keep open the channels of communication between us, so that he doesn't feel that I am working *against* him. I won't always feel in a sweet and loving mood. No one does. But he can weather those times if he can sense the deep, underlying affection that I feel for him as I try to act out my understanding and acceptance. I like him just as he is. So I won't keep pushing every moment to change him. Do I always keep clear for both him and me that we are not opponents? We are working toward the same end. Perhaps the strongest force within him is the urge to become an acceptable part of my grown-up world—to be like me. I must see that we move forward together, not *against* each other. For both of us the best preparation for tomorrow is to sound the depths of life's joy today.

(To be continued)

Reprints of this article combined with Part 2, which will appear in February, are available from the author at Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma.

<sup>1</sup>Baruch: *New Ways in Discipline*, p. 13.





# Happy Wintertime

(A Mother's Eye-View of the Season)

Are you one of those people who never are satisfied with the season at hand, and are forever wishing that the next one would hurry along? Perhaps we all are a bit guilty, for it is only human to want something that is just a little out of reach. But guilty or not, you probably know just what I mean. There is the woman who sighs long before winter is over, "Oh, dear—will spring never come?" Then when spring *does* get around, there is the schoolboy who can't wait for summertime, when he can exchange his spelling book for a fishing pole. Then when summer arrives, what happens? The businessman, alarmed at the drop in sales, paces his office floor in a vain attempt to speed up the coming of fall when business will be on the upswing again. So fall returns; and even before the glorious colors have faded from the leaves, we are likely to hear a youngster murmuring wistfully, "Don't you wish it would hurry up and be winter, so we could go sledding?"

Well, it is winter again—and a happy wintertime to you! For, indeed, this can be happy time for you and your family; a season filled with joyous anticipation and

rewarding discovery; a season when grown-ups and children alike may share in the beauty and wonder of God's winter world, and work with him to make it an even more beautiful and happy place.

The house is so cozy, that you may be tempted to curl up with a book, once most of the daily chores are over. But there is still that errand at the store, and you would rather go with the children than just send them by themselves. So you gather your little clan about you, help with snow pants and boots, and join in the search for missing mittens. At last, everyone is ready. So out you go. You still are thinking a bit regretfully of the hearth that you left behind you, when all of a sudden, it happens! You feel the cold, crisp air, and find yourself taking a long, deep breath. Your face begins to tingle; and when you look at the children, you smile to see that their cheeks are like rosy winter apples, and their eyes like daystars. A mittened hand slips into yours, and a little voice says, "Look at the trees, Mommy. The branches are all black against the sky!" You look, and the sky has never seemed so blue. The

charcoal lines of the bare-limbed trees take on the tracings of an exquisite etching; and you find yourself confiding to the children, "It's like a beautiful picture—the kind that artists paint. And do you know who the artist is? It's God."

Now you are home again; and it is high time you were getting dinner, for Daddy soon will be coming from the office. But the winter sunset is so glorious that you are drawn from the stove to the kitchen window, as though by a magnet, and you call the children to come and share the beauty of the closing day. As you point out a slender church steeple rising high into the saffron heavens, one of the youngsters asks, "Why are winter sunsets prettier than any other kind?" You wish that you knew the answer, but you can still relay, "They *are* lovely, aren't they? Each sunset is another winter gift from God—a gift of beauty."

Then comes the warm, happy hour when the family is all together again, gathered around the table for the evening meal. There is time for everyone to talk. Sister and Junior are bubbling over with the day's events at school, and the littlest fellow has to tell



by Mary Peacock

Daddy all about his trip to the store with Mother. Daddy listens and asks questions, and even Mother manages to get in a word now and then. It is quite a while before anyone even thinks about washing dishes. Come to think of it, can you imagine any better family fun for a winter evening than just talking: each one sharing his personal experiences of the day with the others—listening, laughing, sometimes all trying to

talk at once? Never is the family circle so warm, so close, so completely *together*.

There are chores to be done, but they are done happily because they are shared. Then comes that special hour in the living room. "Let's sing!" Sister suggests. So you take your place at the piano and open your favorite book of hymns. You often are conscious of the fact that many of the hymns that you loved when *you* were a

child are seldom sung in our church schools today. While our modern music is fine, would it not be fun to teach the youngsters some of the older hymns that should be a part of their musical heritage? Daddy's tenor joins your soprano; and before you know it, the children are singing, too.

Maybe there is time for a game of Scrabble; and if the teachers have been kind in not giving Sister and Junior too much homework to do, this would be a fine evening to pop some corn over the open fire. But no fair eating any until the big bowl is filled to the top—and properly salted and buttered! It will be handy to dip into after you are lined up for that special television program that the family enjoys watching together. (There really *are* such programs, you know—fine, wholesome family fare. All you have to do is choose carefully from the entertainment menu.)

The program is over, the popcorn bowl is empty, and it is time for bed. Sister is on her way to the stairs when she suddenly pauses at the window. "Mother! Dad! It's snowing!" she calls with delight in her voice. "I never *dreamed* of snow—not after that sunset, did you?" But Dad answers wisely, "Winter is full of nice surprises, and this is just one of them."

You turn out the lamps and stand there in the dark for a few moments, feeling strangely close to one another as you watch the snowflakes whirling merrily on their way to the earth. Already the sidewalk is white, and the roof of the house across the street is nearly covered.

"Isn't this a cozy night?" Sister asks softly. "See! All the houses on our block are settled down snug and safe, and the snow is spreading a soft white blanket over them to tuck them in for the night." Whereupon you remind Sister and her brothers that it's high time that *they* were tucked in, too. But you keep thinking of the word picture that Sister's thought has evoked; and just before you fall asleep, you say to

Winter is a time for gathering near a cozy fireplace to read, play games, and maybe even roast nuts or marshmallows.

—A. Devaney, Inc.





yourself with a contented little sigh, "What a happy time winter is, for families like ours!"

Morning comes, and you awake to the beauty of a white world. Junior already is out helping Dad shovel the walk. So you hustle down to stir up some pancakes for breakfast. Sister and little brother are up and dressed in a jiffy; and when the shovelers come in to join the others at the kitchen table, Dad hunts up his magnifying glass so that the children can get a good look at some of the snowflakes on Junior's mitten. When Sister exclaims, "Why they're all different! Not any two snowflakes are alike—small as they are!" Dad explains the reason: "God made them different, just as he makes people different. Did you ever stop to think that no two people in the whole world are *exactly* alike—not even twins? That's how God planned the world, and how he wanted it to be. Nobody can be quite like you, or do the things that God has planned for you to do, any more than two snowflakes can be exactly alike, or fall in any place except the very place where God intended them to fall."

"I'm glad," Sister answers. "Wouldn't it be terribly dull if everyone in the world was just alike?" (There are wonderful lessons in snowflakes!)

Now Dad is off to work, the older children, to school, and you and little brother are left alone. Of course, he wants to play in the snow. So you go out with him; but you do more than just play.

"Let's feed the birds," you suggest. "It's hard for them to find food when snow is all over the ground." You help little brother crumble a slice of bread into fine crumbs, cut a piece of suet into tiny morsels, and together you spread the feast on the shelf outside the kitchen window. For a special treat, you smear some peanut butter along the edge. Then you keep watch for the gathering of the clan. Sure enough, they are along in a hurry: a cardinal,

a blue jay, even a tiny sparrow—their wings fluttering as they pause just long enough to choose a tasty bit. Then off they soar to their winter nesting places.

"God made the birds, didn't he?" little brother observes as his eyes follow a scarlet wing.

"Yes, just as he made you and me," you reply. "So you see, we are all God's creations, and that makes us a little bit kin to the birds and the animals and all living things. I like little creatures." Little brother gazes at you with solemn eyes and nods his head in complete agreement.

Later in the day, Junior and Sister coax you into spending an hour on skates, for the pond in the park is frozen smooth as glass! Junior remarks, as he laces his skates and wraps the strings tightly around his ankle, "Wouldn't it be great if all the children in the South could have a winter vacation up here, so they could learn to ice skate, too?"

"Yes, and wouldn't it be fun if *we* could have a winter vacation in the South?" you counter. "Imagine going in for an ocean dip today!" In your mind's eye, you have a momentary glimpse of palm trees, sunny skies, and blue water, and your own family stretched out on the smooth white sand. Yes, you decide, it really would be a good idea if families planned winter vacations now and then, instead of the usual ones, so that they might get a glimpse of God's winter world in other climes.

The day passes, and suddenly it is night once more. Junior is keen about having a star-gazing party out in the back yard.

"Miss Barton told us all about Orion at school today," he explains, "and we promised to look for him tonight." So you bundle up again, and out you go. The snow has long since stopped falling, and it crunches under your feet with a delightful crackle. You lift your eyes to the heavens

above; and even before Junior points out his friend Orion, you find yourself saying aloud, "The heavens declare the glory of God!" For a starry sky is never so beautiful as on a clear, cold winter night. Dad, too, feels the beauty of the moment, and recalls a verse from the Psalms:

"He determines the number of stars,  
he gives to all of them their names."<sup>1</sup>

When you go in and gather around the hearth for family devotions, it is only natural that you speak of the beauty of wintertime, and think of the meaning of the season.

"Winter is more than just a season," Dad tells the children. "It is a special time that God has made for letting the trees and flowers and growing things of nature take their rest. The flowers will bloom again, and the leaves come back to the trees. They are not dead, even when the snow covers them." Dad turns to the eighth chapter of Genesis, and reads the last verse.

"While the earth remains, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease."

Your heart is filled to overflowing with the knowledge of God's blessings in your own life and you add, "God's love will not cease, either. It is around us wherever we are: at home, at work, or at school. It is with us always, whatever the season; and especially now, as we enjoy the snow and the sunlight, the light of the stars and the warmth of the open fire, God is very close to us."

Then we join in prayer before we say goodnight, asking that we may *show* God's love, as well as feel it, for we have learned that love is something to be shared.

Day is over,  
Night is here.  
Summer—winter—  
God is near.

<sup>1</sup>Psalms 147:4.



She regarded him with solemn, searching eyes. She saw his thick dark hair . . . the strength and goodness of his mouth . . .

"Well, do I pass?" he asked gently.

She drew his face down for a quick, fervent kiss. "I'll say you do," she whispered.

# Man Talk

by Helen Giorgi

The '47 Plymouth coughed twice, emitted a long, painful wheeze, and coasted to a stop. Big Dan scowled. "Now what's ailing you, you old tin can?" he grumbled. "Wasn't three hours' work on you enough for one day?"

Sue watched him crawl out of the car and lift up the hood. Then she turned anxiously to Cliff. "I hope Dad can find the trouble soon enough for you to get to church on time," she said worriedly.

"We'll make it all right." He grinned down at her, his dark eyes lingering on the nimbus of red hair that encircled her head. "I'd better get out and give him a hand," he added, pushing the door open and swinging his long legs easily to the ground.

Cliff does so many things easily, she thought; but he won't find it easy to overcome Dad's unreasoning prejudice against him. She sighed unhappily, remembering the argument with her father a week ago.

On that afternoon, she had run lightly up the front steps, feeling herself engulfed in a warm cloud of happiness. Flinging open the front door, she had stopped at the sight of her father, standing rigidly before the mantel, with all storm flags flying.

Jewell



**He's determined to see everything Cliff does  
in a bad light, Sue thought unhappily,**

His hair had been scrambled into a towering snowbank by his big hands, and the frost in his blue eyes had snuffed out her happiness like a blast of icy wind.

"A preacher!" He spat out the words distastefully. "You know how I feel about preachers. Yet you sneak out and get yourself engaged to one without so much as bringing him around to meet your family."

"I'm sorry, Dad. I met Cliff while I was away at college, and he only arrived in town yesterday. I—I wanted to tell you about him, but I just didn't know how to cope with this ridiculous prejudice of yours against ministers."

"Ridiculous!" Her father's ruddy face darkened. "The only thing that's ridiculous is the idea that a daughter of mine could find anything in common with one of these smooth talking sons of Mary." He banged the mantel furiously. "That's what they are! Sons of Mary, sitting and talking and letting the sons of Martha, like myself, get out and work to keep the wheels of industry rolling. They can't do anything useful. So they just stand up and holler for a living."

Angry tears stung Sue's eyes. "It's unfair of you to condemn Cliff when you don't even know him," she protested. "As a matter of fact, you don't know anything about ministers. You haven't spoken to one in twenty years."

Big Dan thrust his shaggy head forward. "Look at me," he demanded. "Do I look like the kind of man who talks about ladies' sewing circles or dinner committees or—Sunday school? I want a son-in-law who can talk man talk—cars, tools, building projects, machinery."

Suddenly, his broad shoulders

sagged, and the ice melted away in his blue eyes. "Aw, what's the use arguing," he said dispiritedly. "You'll do what you want anyway." He wheeled around and strode off into the kitchen.

Family relations were a little strained during the week that followed. When her mother invited Cliff to dinner on Sunday, Sue tried to prepare the younger man for the encounter.

"My father is a good man," she told Cliff, as they turned into the front walk. "But at times he's hotheaded and stubborn, and I'm afraid this is going to be one of those times."

Stopping, Cliff hoisted her up onto the ledge at the foot of the stairs, and wagged a reproving finger into her face. "The trouble with you, young lady, is that you worry too much. Your father and I are men. Men understand each other. We'll get along fine."

She opened her mouth to speak, but he stopped her with, "No more talk, Susie, I'm hungry," and swooping her down again, he took the stairs two at a time while she tagged along breathlessly behind him.

When the door swung open, Sue saw her father's large slippered feet resting comfortably on the coffee table. The remainder of his imposing frame was slumped down behind the sport section of the Sunday newspaper.

"Dad," she called, "I want you to meet Cliff McCarthy."

An unintelligible grunt erupted from behind the newspaper. Sue waited indignantly, until her father's curiosity slowly dragged the paper down, and his pride swiftly yanked it up again.

"How do you do, sir." A grin twitched the corners of Cliff's mouth as he added, "Don't let us

keep you from your reading."

Sue was not amused. Her eyes blazed as she caught Cliff's hand and drew him toward the kitchen, where the cheerful banging of pots and pans blended agreeably with the fragrance of fried chicken.

"We're home, Mom," she called. The kitchen door swung open, and Mrs. Parker emerged, pink-cheeked from her cooking chores, bearing a basket of feather-light biscuits in one hand and a bowl of steaming gravy in the other.

"Just in time!" she exclaimed, flashing a welcoming smile their way and locating the food strategically on the massive oak table. "You visited just long enough after church to let me get everything on the table." Turning to her husband, she called, "Come on, Daniel. Let's eat."

Big Dan maintained a stubborn silence during the meal, while the unperturbed Cliff alternated between lavish praise of the food and amusing stories of his boyhood on a Kansas farm.

Polishing off the last crusty morsel of blueberry pie, he sighed contentedly. "Mrs. Parker, I haven't tasted food like this since I left Kansas," he declared. "Sure hope some of your cooking genius has rubbed off on your daughter."

"Smooth talkers, all of 'em," Big Dan muttered scornfully. Sue glanced quickly at the others, but her mother had risen to clear the table, still laughing and talking to the irrepressible Cliff.

Her father shoved his chair back suddenly and stood up. "Young man," he cried, with an effort at joviality, "I'm going to rebuild a fuel pump this afternoon. If you'd care to help me, you might learn something."

Sue looked at him sharply, wondering whether this about-face in-



and he's trying to communicate his feelings of contempt to me.

icated a genuine offer of friendship or a trick up his roomy, blue-flannel sleeve.

Cliff was shaking his head apologetically. "I'd like to, sir," he said, "But I'm not dressed for a grease job. This is my only suit, and I have to preach over at Warford tonight. Their minister has the flu."

Big Dan's eyes narrowed contemptuously. He stared at Cliff for a moment without speaking; then with a significant snort, strode into the kitchen and slammed the back door resoundingly behind him.

Sue's hands shook a little as she lifted the last stack of dishes from the table and thrust a slim foot against the kitchen door. Cliff and her mother followed her into the kitchen, and he began untying the apron that encircled Mrs. Parker's plump waistline. "No dishwashing for you," he told her, pushing her gently toward the door. "Sue and I need the practice. So you just go sit on the sofa, and rest on your laurels."

The laugh lines deepened around her gentle gray eyes. "It wouldn't be right to argue with my future son-in-law, would it?" she asked. She pushed the door open and called back over her shoulder, "I think I'm going to like being a mother-in-law."

Wrapping the apron around his own lean middle, Cliff rolled up his shirt sleeves and began shaking soap powder into the dishpan. "You are marrying an expert dishwasher," he said impressively, twisting the faucet and watching a white cloud of suds billow up in the pan. "Mom always said she couldn't see any reason for getting dishpan hands with six husky boys in the family."

Sue smiled up at him. Then the

smile faded, and she regarded him with solemn, searching eyes. She saw his thick dark hair sweeping back from his sunbrowned face; the strength and goodness in his mouth. Then her eyes moved downward to the muscular brown arms that were plunged deep in the hot dishwater.

"Well, do I pass?" he asked gently.

She drew his face down for a quick, fervent kiss. "I'll say you do," she whispered. Turning, she jerked a dishtowel down from the rack above the sink and added in a strangely choked voice, "Come on, expert, let's get to work."

The grandfather clock above the mantel was chiming 4:30 when Cliff poured out the dishwater, and Sue heard Big Dan's footsteps on the back walk.

"Got her all fixed," he called. "Runs like an eight-day—." Stopping abruptly in the doorway, the big man stared with raised eyebrows at the white organdy apron strings bobbing back and forth on Cliff's back as the younger man energetically scrubbed out the dirty sink. Shooting a derisive smile at his daughter, he headed silently for the bathroom to wash his greasy hands.

He's determined to see everything Cliff does in a bad light, Sue thought unhappily, and he's trying to communicate his feelings of contempt to me.

The telephone jangled noisily from the living room, and her mother's voice answered it. "Hello. Why yes, he is. Cliff! It's for you."

"Coming!" He tossed the apron over a chair and hastily dried his hands on the towel that Sue held out to him. As he disappeared through the door, she leaned back wearily against the

sink, listening for the sound of his deep voice.

"Hello. Yes, Jerry. You can't? Well, don't worry about it. I'll get there somehow. See you tomorrow. 'Bye."

"Trouble, Cliff?" Mrs. Parker asked.

"Jerry Walker was going to drive me to Warford tonight, and he can't make it." Sue detected a note of anxiety in his voice.

"What'd I tell you?" She turned to see her father in the hall doorway, mopping his brawny arms with a thick, yellow towel. "Impractical sons of Mary, all of 'em." He wagged his head knowingly. "Guess your old man'll have to drive him to Warford if he's going to make it. Good thing I licked that fuel pump trouble."

\* \* \*

And now here they were, halfway to Warford, with a copper-colored sun sliding behind the horizon—and a dead engine. She strained to catch the men's voices.

"Wonder if that diaphragm I put on is leaking," her father was mumbling. A few words escaped her. "Maybe I didn't tighten the fuel line enough." A long silence; then, "No leakage there. The bowl! That must be it. Didn't tighten the bowl enough." She waited expectantly; then heard an impatient, "Not that either!"

She saw him straighten up and scratch his head disgustedly. Then Cliff stood up alongside him. "Mr. Parker," he said, "It could be—"

"Don't interrupt me!" Big Dan ordered rudely, "Can't you see I'm thinking."

"I've been thinking too." The quiet determination in Cliff's voice and the grim set of his jaw surprised the older man into a mo-

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# HELP THEM GET THE STUDY HABIT

**Your own attitudes and encouragement are needed to help your teen-agers to see the value of proper study habits.**

**by Lawrence P. Fitzgerald**

The scene is the living room of the Drummond home on a week night.

MOM: Jack, Connie, it's time to get your lessons!

JACK: I want to listen to the Roy Rogers show. After that, Mom.

CONNIE: I've got to call Jim. We have to make our plans for the banquet.

POP: Listen, you kids. Quit the excuses and get down to studying like your mom said.

JACK: Aw, just this once, Dad. I want to see Roy Rogers.

CONNIE: And I've just got to call Jim. I won't talk long, I promise.

POP: What do you think, Mom?

MOM: O.K., I guess, if you two will hurry. But you've got to get your lessons.

JACK: As soon as the show's over. But Pop, I need your help. I don't understand my English assignment.

POP: It's been so long, son. I'm afraid I can't help you. Didn't you learn grammar in the eighth grade?

JACK: With Mrs. Jones as teacher? Are you kidding? She doesn't know a noun from a verb.

CONNIE: You're crazy. I like Mrs. Jones.

MOM: O.K., let's quit arguing, see the show, make the telephone call, and then get down to business. Skat! Pop and I have to talk about painting the house.

Sound natural? I suspect that it's typical in many homes. Now, analyze the Drummonds. What's wrong with Pop, Mom, Jack, and Connie? How would you

change the situation? In the first place, Jack and Connie are typical children; they are not anxious to study. In fact, they invent one excuse after another to get out of hard work. Pop and Mom are easy-going parents with very little discipline. They are so interested in their own affairs, that they don't take time to help the children. The one good point—they did say, "Get busy on your studies." They didn't, however, carry through on this; and they didn't give Jack and Connie any reasons why they should study.

Can you imagine another scene in the Drummond home when Jack brings home an F in English? Pop Drummond is going to blow his top; but he'll never realize that he had a part in making that F. His steam will very likely fizzle out, Jack won't be impressed, and will go on making F—or just getting by.

So the question is, What can we as parents do to help our children get the study habit? To be sure, much depends upon the offspring. We can help, however, and we should help.

First of all, we can encourage our children to see long-term goals and relate their studies to these goals. Why is Jack studying English? Suppose he wants to be a teacher. Well, then, he's got to know how to express himself; how to make his ideas clear; how to speak acceptably. That's doubly true for his chosen profession; but even if he chooses some other vocation, he'll need to know English. Suppose the subject is history. It is important to know the experiences of the human race, where those of the past failed and where they succeeded. The curriculum of



our schools has been developed after much thought and experience. These are all useful courses, designed to help young Americans, whatever their vocation, to do their job better. They also help them become good citizens in our democratic state. Furthermore, they are for enrichment, helpful in giving us an abundant life.

For example, there was the college graduate who was doing nothing but selling peanuts. Someone who discovered that he was a college graduate said to him, "You're wasting your life. You should be doing something better." "No," said the peanut vendor. "I'm not wasting my life. My business makes me a living, and my life really begins when I get home in the evening. Then I can enjoy the rich world of books which I could not enjoy without my college education."

Dr. Harry J. Linton, former superintendent of the Schenectady, N. Y., public schools, declared: "If parents would discuss with their children the important problems being studied, their children would learn them better and see their importance more clearly. They would stop studying isolated facts and see social problems as a whole."

Next, as parents we can help create in the home an atmosphere which is conducive to study. Anywhere atmosphere is important. You can't raise corn in a dank climate. You need sunshine and air and rain. In America, we are doing something (not enough perhaps) to eliminate the slums because we want to get rid of breeding places of crime. Yes, atmosphere is important.

Equally important is it to have an atmosphere in the home where study comes easily. If possible, it would be good for Jack and Connie to have separate rooms. The temperature should be right—68-70 degrees. A desk or table, a comfortable straight chair, a study lamp that reflects sufficient light, proper ref-

erence materials—these are all important tools that a home should provide. There are some excellent home encyclopedias on the market, and they may be bought on the monthly installment plan. How often we say that we do not have money for these items, and then go ahead and spend money for beer and whiskey and new automobiles! Isn't it often really a question of what we put first in life?

To be sure, it would be impossible in every situation for children to have separate rooms. They should, however, be allowed to have privacy and a minimum of distractions when they study. I must admit that my kids were never A students; but a long time ago my wife and I learned that if they were to make even a passing grade, the television and radio had to be turned off during study hours. Now that there is just one boy left at home, and he has a separate room, my wife sometimes listens to TV; but only because she has ear phones attached to the set, and she is the only one who is able to hear the sound.

Teen-agers today often say that they can study better with the radio going, which, of course, is hogwash. Imagine how much you absorb from physics with Elvis Presley singing "Hound Dog"!

So much for atmosphere. Now comes something even more important. It is the development of the right study habits. The best exposition that I have seen of these principles of good study habits is found in a little paper published by the Character Research Project of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. The authors, Ernest M. Ligon and William A. Koppe, point out, first of all, the importance of learning how to read rapidly. "Actually, good readers do not read words any more than anyone reads the letters that make up words. They read whole ideas. As a matter of fact, they have developed eye

*(Continued on page 28)*

—Photo by erb



Teen-agers should have a quiet place to study. Turn a deaf ear to them when they confidently tell you that they can study and watch TV or listen to the radio at the same time.



# Overcoming a Handicap

by Elizabeth Waugh

Not all handicapped individuals were born with a handicap. I often wonder when I see a crippled or afflicted person if he was born that way. In my own experience I have had occasion to meet many of the afflicted, and I would say of those that I have seen that the majority do not have congenital handicaps.

Before launching further into my subject, I must give you some of my family background. Although my parents were strict disciplinarians, my childhood home was a happy one. Church attendance was a must, but we didn't mind that. We never felt any resentment in having to attend Sunday worship. My parents, who were of foreign origin, were hard workers. Father's salary was small, nevertheless, and there were nine children to be fed and clothed. Each of us was allotted so many chores to do; and though Mother had much sewing of her own, with six daughters to sew for, she was always willing to assist the other women of the community.

Our pastimes consisted of church activities, swimming, fishing, boating, and picking wild berries and nuts. The sale of our berries and nuts paid for the school clothes that Mother could not make. A nearby Indian reservation was the source of some of our berries. In return for being allowed to pick

them my mother would help the Indian women with various tasks. She would aid them during childbirth, and she taught many how to sew and bake.

All through our lives we had been taught to help others, and to do it without any thought of monetary reward. Thus, helping less fortunate people was a natural part of our lives.

I and my brothers and sisters eventually married. As the years went by, I was blessed with two lovely daughters. My husband died, and the task of rearing the children fell on my shoulders. I worked hard to provide for them, but my salary was barely sufficient.

Then one of the girls became seriously ill. Gradually, she began to improve, but her convalescence was long. I saw many things that a parent of a handicapped child is forced to see, and did many things that I never thought possible. It was heartbreaking to have to tell my daughter that she couldn't do this or that. I taught her many arts and crafts, as was possible in her condition, and in time she was well again. I, too, recovered mentally, for I had learned many things. I have often wondered if other parents are equipped and qualified to help their sick and handicapped children. I know that many parents need help.

When my youngest daughter was 13 years old, I remarried. Two months after I had sent a stepson through college, I had an accident that has permanently crippled me. For many months I lay in a hospital bed with a spinal injury. Six weeks after I was injured, I was sent to a government hospital, but by that time the damage was irreparable.

I eventually became paralyzed, and after five months of hospitalization a top nerve specialist told me that I would never be able to sit up again, let alone walk. With my inborn faith, however, I refused to accept his word.

In the government hospital where I was there were patients of many different races and religions—foreign born, Negro, Jewish, Catholic, Protestant—and they had oral prayers every night. One day a young Marine came into our ward and asked one of the patients what we said each night after the lights were turned out. She told him that the patients were saying their prayers. The Marine thought that this was something that would benefit the men in his ward. He told them about the prayer sessions in our ward, and the idea was accepted enthusiastically.

Every night the prayers were said aloud in every ward and every room. Within a few days the head doctor voiced a strong objection to this "prayer business." He told the servicemen that if they continued the practice, they would be discharged with dishonorable discharges. He also informed us that our clergymen would not be permitted in the wards after that. He kept his word, but it didn't



stop the prayer sessions.

There was never a day that I did not ask God to help me, and to help others. I had been given encouragement and strength through my prayers and the prayers that others had said for me, and I know that my faith in God and belief that my prayers were answered is the only reason that I am as well as I am today.

After many months I went home. The doctor who took care of me tried to encourage me in therapy. Although he was elderly and attempting to retire, he spent as much time with me as he could. I kept insisting that I would someday be able to do all the things that I had once done, and gradually, I was able to drag my body from one piece of furniture to another. When I fell, I would lie there until someone came to help me. We lived in the country, and my closest neighbor was a mile away. There were times when I would lie

for hours, but I was never discouraged. I knew that God was helping me, and I had to be patient, to keep on trying. Learning to walk was like being an infant all over again. My right hand had been paralyzed also, as well as my legs. Often I would insist that I could hold a cup of coffee, only to become scalded when my hand couldn't hold the cup. Still, no matter how much pain there was, the joy of being able to do these things gave me more encouragement, and my faith was deeper. I knew that I was being tested, and I believe that God does put us through the test to see if we can endure the hardships along with benefiting from the blessings that he bestows.

Through those long months of illness and recuperation my daughter was my pillar of strength. She returned all the love and devotion that I had given her during her illness as a child, and she encour-

aged me constantly. "I know you'll get better, Mom," she would say. "You've done so much for so many people all your life. This can't be for you." I never lost my faith in the power of prayer, and God answered my prayers. Oh, I'm not completely well, but I can see now why this all happened. I once pleaded with a clergyman to tell me why this had to happen to me. His answer was, "We are too small to question God's will, but someday you will learn that there is a task for you to do. Perhaps you don't know now, but in time it will be brought to light."

I believe he was right, for during the past year I have slowly regained my health. Though I am crippled to the extent that I can do little for myself, I have continued to help others in the same situation. I have so many requests to administer aid that it is financially impossible to do as much as I would like. The strong urge to help has created within me a possibility to help others to help themselves. There is a task for me to do. I believe that this is the answer to God's making it possible for me to be at least partially whole again. I feel no bitterness or hatred because misfortune befell me, even though I have had to readjust my life in many respects. I give credit to my home training for my philosophy of life.

My booklet, *The Helping Hands*, which will be issued monthly, will, I believe, help others to help themselves. The handicapped must understand that there is a place for them in this world, no matter what their physical condition may be. They must understand that faith, and belief in God and in the power of prayer are the best medicine that one can take, and there is never any danger of taking an overdose of it. They must understand that their affliction is not punishment from God.

It has been four years since my accident, and during that time I have found my purpose in living. Only the lack of finances prevents me from circulating the booklet as rapidly as I would like; but God willing, I will find a way.

Although this boy is crippled because of polio, he still participates in many activities enjoyed by people with unimpaired faculties.

—Photo by erb





# Family Friends

by Nancy Brewer

Donald rushed through the living room, his cap still on his head. He didn't even glance toward the dinner table to see if Cynthia had baked the rhubarb pie that she had promised him. Instead he gasped the question, "Is the music maker program on yet? And has he played the song for Ken North?"

At that minute as though in answer to his question, the announcer on our own radio station said that this day was the birthday of Ken North who was "a great big seven years old today" and for whom he was going to play "The Lucky Duck" song as requested by his pals, Peter Moore and Donald King.

You see, the music maker is one of our radio entertainers to whose program we, as a family, have long listened. He plays the piano beautifully. He gives birthday greetings to our friends, the date of whose birthdays we or some other persons have sent to him, and then plays their favorite songs. Few of us have ever seen him, but still we call him by his first name when we talk about him. That's because he's such a good family friend.

Henry introduced us to the music maker. The manager of our radio station told him one day that this man who plays the piano so beautifully was to give a half-hour "birthday program" every noon at their station. "It's a family program," he said. "Your bunch is sure to like him."

We have several other family friends on the radio, most of whom have been introduced to us by Henry, the father in our home. Ever since our children were old enough to select favorite radio programs, Henry has kept two jumps ahead of the rest of us by studying the new programs, finding which ones are "of our style," and then inviting us all to listen to our programs.

Henry started his work of making family friends when the children were old enough to ask for stories. He read the stories aloud to us, and then we discussed them, sometimes gaily and sometimes sadly at mealtime.

Through the years I have remembered how Bobby, Mary Jean, and George used to study every horse

galloping in a pasture that we passed to see if it "looked like" or traveled like "Black Beauty." How I did enjoy their discussions of the March family as we read *Little Women!* To Bobby, Amy March with her blond curls and babyish ways was a "pain"; Beth, a "gal who enjoyed giving her own organ recitals"; but Jo, always the good egg who could hold her own with any boy in the neighborhood.

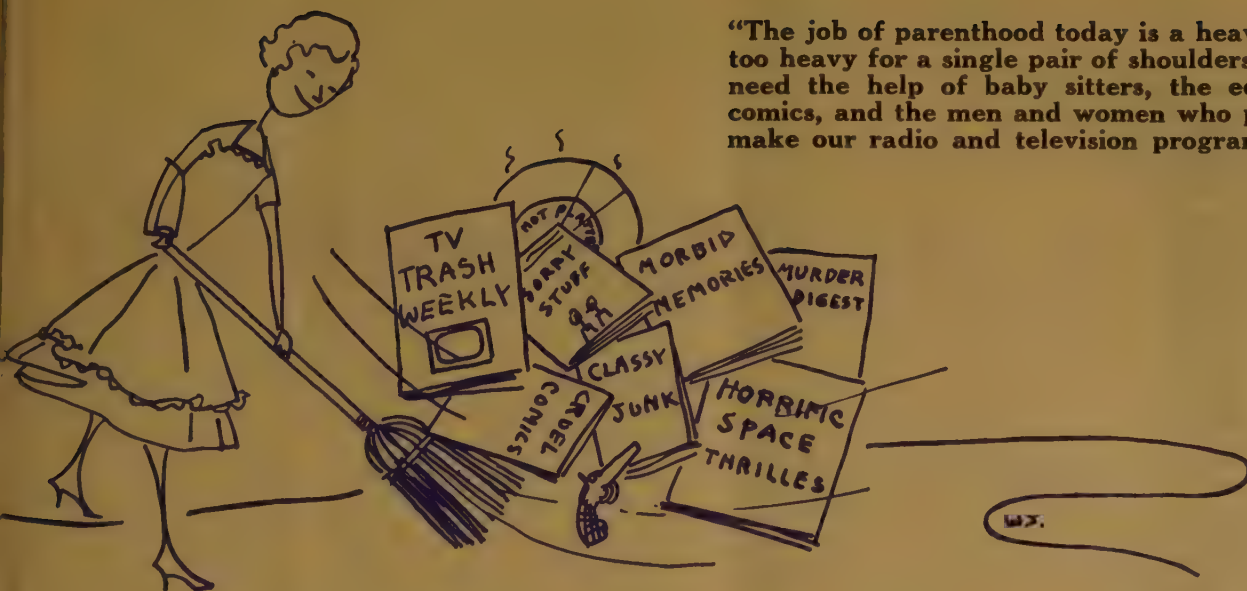
I also remember some of the children who walked and played in the pages of the church school papers. For together we read the serials, chapter by chapter, and then had special thrills and fun, making our own solutions to their problems. Sometimes we had arguments "about the way the story just had to end," but they were friendly arguments that gave spice to our meals and conversation.

No church school teacher ever complained because our children left their story papers on their chairs when they left the classrooms. Nor did the children ever learn that their father paid the church school secretary for a special subscription to each church story paper so that he and I could read them ahead of the children and be prepared to give some special information upon the locale of the story, the type of dogs or other pets in them, and even the author of the story.

It was almost a crime in our home to "snitch" on the others and read the last paragraphs of the serial before the others did just to see how it ended. George always kept a close watch on both Mary Jean and Eleanor, whose class was close to his, on the day the paper containing the last chapter was given out at church school. "I see you when you try to get them under your song books where you can peep," he accused Eleanor one Sunday. "Your teacher is watching me, and when I nod my head, she knows to look at you, too."

Today we have a new kind of person invading our homes and trying to make friendships with some members of our family. These are the people whose faces and bodies, as well as voices, come to us on the television screen. Were the children as young as they





"The job of parenthood today is a heavy one—too heavy for a single pair of shoulders . . . We need the help of baby sitters, the editors of comics, and the men and women who plan and make our radio and television programs."

were when they first made friendship with the music maker on his radio hour, I certainly would be worried.

For I would not want them to become fans of many, many people whom they see in skits on the television screen. I would not want them to "buckle" on a toy gun and mimic the shooting of policemen by "bold" men seen and heard in the television shorts. I would be filled with fear of their future if I heard them applaud the "keen" hunted criminal who always escapes the hands of the law.

I'll admit I was startled the other night when Donald switched to another station after terming a chase of criminals on the television screen "kid stuff." That was the reason I asked him very earnestly if he wanted his five-year-old nephew to watch pictures like that. Though he was firm in his assertion that children like Bobby wouldn't ever do "things like that" (meaning the deeds of the criminals), he still admitted that pictures of crime are not the kind of pictures that children should see.

"If they are raised right, they won't like stories of crime," he added. "It's their parents fault for not teaching them to like better things."

The job of parenthood was never so difficult in all history as it is today. Courts are calling parents to account for the crimes of their children. Teachers are blaming parents for the misdeeds of children at school. Because of this the children who get into serious trouble themselves claim that too lax parents or too strict parents caused them to do wrong.

A decade ago the boy in trouble blamed his fall on the "gang." He had to slip out of his home and sneak into a deserted building to meet the gang.

That was yesterday. Today the gang can come into his home—the "gangs" in the cheap and dangerous comics—the "gangs" that they meet on some of today's television programs.

They can be kept away from the boy's home by parents who are awake to the danger of their child's meeting these "gangs" so regularly that they be-

come their best friends—parents who realize that the one way to do this is to give them the finest of friendships when they are still young.

One of my neighbors tells me that it's old fashioned to read to your children. Yet her two small sons will sit on our side veranda for hours while either Mary Jean or Eleanor reads them the stories that she claims they would laugh at if she tried to tell them. She was strangely moved, however, when the younger chap called out, "There's a statue of Black Beauty" when they passed a gift shop in which were several beautiful plastic replicas of famous horses.

"Do you want it?" she asked him.

His quick, happy nod sent her into the shop where she paid double the amount that she usually pays for small toys for her children. She followed this with an offer to Mary Jean to serve as permanent baby sitter in her home.

The two boys are still so young and the mother so impressed now by what she terms "the maturing of my sons" that I feel sure the right kind of family friends will come into that home with books, with radio programs, and with the television hours that are planned for children.

Today's baby sitters, also, are bringing either good or bad friends into our homes to our young children.

My niece learned that the baby sitter recommended to her by a friend, came with a roll of sensational comics under one arm. When one of the youngsters began to look through them, my niece sternly ordered her to put it on the table and not touch it again.

"Oh, she can't hurt it," the placid baby sitter replied. "They've already been handled by a dozen other children. All of them like to look at the pictures; so I always take a few with me when I'm baby sitting."

Promptly the niece gave the baby sitter a list of radio and television programs allowed to her children. She also gave the sitter a kind, motherly talk about "wrong early friendship" for children. Soberly, the sitter said at its close, "I just never

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# A JOLLY JANUARY

When people with similar tastes get together, it is not hard to plan entertainment for them. The main thing is to see that the stunts are brief and varied; and as competition is the leading spirit among Americans, contests usually take first place in popularity. The following invitation verse will explain the nature of this entertainment.

Let not the weather keep you  
away,  
From the jamboree, very lively  
and gay;  
That has been planned for one  
and all,  
For friends and neighbors who  
will heed this call.  
The time, the place, and even  
the day,  
Are listed below. There'll be  
nothing to pay.  
So come be our guest at this  
special spree,  
Join the fun, and frolic with  
spirit free.

Hour	Place	Date
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Since an entertainment of this size would probably be undertaken by a group, you could perhaps have the use of a community center building, church recreation rooms, or school gymnasium where there will be space for games for the various age groups.

The younger children will want to play their own familiar, active games. The teen-agers will have their preference of amusements, as will also the older group, who will more than likely consent to act as judges and timekeepers for the various contests, but may join the teen-agers in their sports if they so desire. There are also quiet pencil and paper contests for the older group, which are most entertaining.

If soft music in the background is being played as the guests arrive, it will do much to set the mood for the occasion; and almost at once the fun will be in full swing.

By the time the members of the younger generation are settled in their recreation section, and with their leaders are playing such favorites as going to Jerusalem, spin the plate, blind man's bluff, I say 'stoop,' potato race, and so on, the teen-agers will already have begun their choice of games. As mentioned before, these will probably consist of contests of skill, or mental alertness, such as the following:

**The Safety Test.** Divide the players into two equal groups by having them number one-two. The ones form a long line facing the number twos. All the players are

supposed to be drivers of cars and must observe all safety rules in regard to the hazards which they encounter. A "traffic cop" stands at the head of each line, and other officers are at the finishing end of the line. Some of the older guests will be glad to volunteer as the police officers.

Each officer at the head of the line holds a box containing ten travel hazards. Each box must contain objects of the same kind, but which need not necessarily be passed down the lines in consecutive order. Suggestions for objects not too easy to pass because some will be light, some heavy, some large, and some small, would include empty pop bottles, clothespins, marbles, feathers, rubber balls, oranges or apples, etc. Each player grasps the left wrist of the person on his right with his right hand. This proves confusing when the traffic cops blow their whistles and start passing the hazards, one at a time, down the lines. The officers at the end of the lines accept the objects, and the line which succeeds first in passing safely all the hazards, wins the award. If an object is dropped, it must be recovered without breaking the grasp of hands.

**Musical Tag.** In this tag game there is no safety base. After a



# JAMBOREE

by Loie Brandom



catcher has been chosen, the players scatter about as they please. The only way that they can keep from being caught, when pursued by the catcher, is to burst into song. The player must, however, choose a tune that no other player is singing. This phase of the game has to be watched carefully if the players are so numerous that more than one catcher is being used. Each one may stop singing as soon as a catcher moves on, but must be ready to explode into song with the suddenness of a firecracker if chased. Those who have not tried to think of, and sing a different tune when someone near is loudly caroling "My Country 'Tis of Thee," "Dixie," or "Yankee Doodle," cannot guess what concentration it takes, especially with a catcher coming toward one. It is fun both to play, and to watch a game of musical tag.

Some races that are good for indoor events such as this one are the following:

**A Foot Race.** After partners have been selected, groups of contestants are formed with four couples in each group, and lined up back of the starting tape. At the signal the first couple of each group starts the race by the girl placing the heel of one shoe against the toe of the other. Her

partner then places the heel of his shoe against the toe of the girl's shoe, and alternating in this manner they proceed to the goal line. They then run back to touch off couple number two of their team, and so on. Referees watch each couple to see that contact is made each time between heel and toe. A good sense of balance helps in this race. The referees decide the winners.

Another good stunt for a mixed group is for a number of larger boys to race carrying small boys on their feet. The secret of success here is for the small boy to raise each of his feet in co-ordination with the larger boy's steps. This relieves the dead weight problem so that speed can be obtained.

After the boys' race, it is the girls' turn with a back-to-back race. The girls race in pairs, back-to-back with their arms locked together. As many couples can race at the same time as there is room. In this race one girl moves forward while her partner must move backward. When the front girl has touched the goal, they start back without turning around. Thus, each girl is running backward one way. Here again co-ordination of steps means success.

**The Feather Race.** Line the contestants up at the starting tape and hand each one a small spoon holding a fluffy feather. They must carry the feather in the spoon to the goal line. There is but one rule. If a feather is dropped, it must be returned to the spoon without the use of the hands, before the contestant can proceed toward the goal.

**Whistle Your Way to Winning.** This contest is good for men or women, boys or girls. Or the older guests may compete with the teenagers. Each contestant is given a large soda cracker. When the signal is given, the first person on each team eats his cracker and tries to whistle. If the whistle is clear enough to be heard by the referee, he signals the second man on that team, who repeats the stunt. Those who have tried to whistle after eating a dry cracker will appreciate the difficulties of this race.

Refreshments for a group of this size should be simple and easy to serve. Ice cream cones are perhaps the easiest to handle, or ice cream in paper cups. These simple refreshments will find favor with guests of all ages. Don't forget to have a big supply of paper napkins.



# Worship in the family

## with children



To Use with Younger Children

### Denny's Tree

Denny loved the old oak tree in the field beyond the barn. He played in its shade in the summer. He liked to listen to the birds as they sang in its branches. He had tried to climb it, but his arms and legs were too short. He always had called it "my tree."

Denny stood at the window and looked at the tree.

"Mother," he called, "I want to go out and play near my tree."

Mother came to the window to stand beside Denny.

"It is too cold to go outside now," she said. "See those clouds? I think it is going to snow. Play here by the fire."

Denny played with blocks. He looked at books. He played with cars. Then he would go back to stand at the window to look out at his tree. He sang a little song about "my tree."

After a while, Daddy came in from his work in the barn. He stood in front of the fireplace and rubbed his hands.

"Br-r-r," he said, "it surely is cold tonight! It is beginning to snow, too."

"Snow!" Denny said, and flew to the window again; but it was too dark to see the tree.

When bedtime came, it still was snowing. "Time for bed, Denny," Mother said. "I'll help you into your pajamas; then Daddy will tuck you in."

As Daddy was tucking the warm blanket about Denny, he thought about his tree again.

"Daddy," he asked, "is my tree cold, too?"

"The snow makes a blanket for it," Daddy said. "That is part of God's plan for trees."

"I'm glad," Denny said as Daddy kissed him good night.

—F. D. Silkey



### Theme for January: My World in Winter

#### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.



## To Use with Older Children

### Enjoying a Picture

The picture on this page is beautiful! It looks as though it might have been taken in fairyland! But it also looks cold. Think of the kind of storm that could make trees look like this. Imagine how the scene looked in the sunlight! Every branch must have sparkled as though it had been sprinkled with diamonds!

How do you know that the sun was shining? How deep do you think the snow is? What makes you think as you do? Perhaps little field mice and furry rabbits have burrowed tunnels beneath the snow in order to find their caches of food. What other animals may have had to do this? Where do you think the birds are? How will they get food? Make up a story, or several different stories, about this picture.

### A Bible Poem

"God thunders wondrously with his voice;  
he does great things which we cannot comprehend.

For to the snow he says, 'Fall on the earth';  
and to the shower and the rain,  
'Be strong.'

Then the beasts go into their lairs,  
and remain in their dens.

From its chamber comes the whirlwind,  
and cold from the scattering winds.

By the breath of God ice is given,  
and the broad waters are frozen fast.

He loads the thick cloud with moisture;

They turn . . . by his guidance,  
on the face of the habitable world."

—Job 37:5-6, 8-11a, 12 a, c.

### Lovely Winter Things

Thank You, God, for giving me  
Lovely winter things to see;  
For the fairy flakes of snow,  
Falling on the ground below;  
For bare branches reaching high  
To the rosy sunset sky;  
For the stars that seem so near  
When the nights are cold and clear;

And for all the playtime joys  
Winter gives to girls and boys.  
Thank You, God for giving me  
Lovely winter things to see.

—Belle Chapman Morrill

### New Year's Day

How wonderful the winter sun  
That shines so bright and gay!  
To tell us of good things to come,  
On this glad New Year's Day.

—Suzanne Baptie

—F. D. Silkey





## For Family Worship

If you use a worship or beauty center to create a mood of worship in your home, have your children help to choose and arrange the materials. Bits of driftwood, dried grasses and seed pods, bare branches, or sprays of evergreen may be arranged. In the Deep South, leaves from magnolia or other trees, shrubs, or plants that bear leaves the year around may be used. A picture of winter fun, regardless of your section of the country, may be a part of this center. The Bible also may be used, opened to the passage used as the basis for your meditation.

### Call to Worship:

"Have you entered the storehouses of the snow,  
or have you seen the storehouses of the hail?  
From whose womb did the ice come forth,  
and who has given birth to the hoarfrost of  
heaven?  
The waters become hard like stone,  
and face of the deep is frozen.

—Job 38:22, 29-30.

**Story:** Use "Denny's Tree" (p. 18), if your children are of preschool age; or "He Gives Snow Like Wool," junior pupil's book, year one, summer quarter, page 32, if your children are of school age.

**Meditation:** Use a favorite passage of scripture as the basis of your meditation; or use "A Bible Poem" (p. 19), the "Call to Worship" suggested for this service, or the scripture included in the story "He Gives Snow Like Wool."

**Hymn:** Use the song printed on this page, or "The Snow Lay on the Ground," found in the primary pupil's book, year two, fall quarter, page 31.

**Poem:** Use one of the poems printed on these pages.

**Prayer:** Dear God, thank you for your good plan

### A Happy New Year

A whole new year is waiting  
All full of months and days,  
A year in which a child may grow  
In kind and loving ways.  
I thank you, Father, for this gift—  
A year so bright and new—  
May I help to make it happy  
By the things I say and do.

—Margaret Clemens McDowell<sup>1</sup>



### Winter Thanks

Thank you, God, for winter fun  
When school and tasks at home are done.  
For snow and sleds and coasting hills  
And laughter coming after spills  
Into the banks of fleecy white  
Because we failed to hold on tight.

Thank you, God, for cheery lights  
That burn indoors on winter nights;  
For books to read and games to play  
With families at the close of day;  
For songs to sing and things to do  
Which help us think of others, too.  
Thank you, God, for winter fun  
When school and tasks at home are done.

—Mable McCaw<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>From *Story World*, 1954. Used by permission.

for the world, especially for the changing seasons.  
Help us know how best to work for you in winter.  
Amen.

## Snow Song

Unknown

Adapted from Schubert

Snow, snow, ev - ery-where, On the ground and in the air,  
Snow, snow, soft and light, God has planned your blan-ket white;

In the fields and in the lane, On the roof and win-dow-pane.  
Cover-ing all the seeds and flowers, Sleep-ing thru the win-ter hours <sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Stanza 2 by JBC





## MISS BITTERSWEET MAKES CANDY

A children's story by RAE CROSS

Miss Bittersweet made the best candy of anyone in North Norton. She made such good candy that her friends persuaded her to open a candy shop where they could buy all they wanted.

Most days Miss Bittersweet loved to make candy. She was proud of the little shop with its white woodwork, its ruffled curtains, and its spotless cases where she kept the candy to sell. She loved to wait on people. She liked to listen to them tell her how good the candy was.

But today Miss Bittersweet was dreadfully upset. She couldn't find her glasses, and without her glasses Miss Bittersweet couldn't see the recipes that told her how to make the candy. Neither could she tell for sure in which glass jar she kept the chocolate, the peppermint, the strawberry, the coconut, and all the other good things that she put into the candy.

"Oh dear animal crackers," moaned Miss Bittersweet—(Miss Bittersweet always said "Oh dear animal crackers" whenever she

was terribly upset). "Today is Saturday, and most of my regular customers come in today to get candy for Sunday."

She looked under the counter, in the big kettles, in the little cash register, on the high shelves, on the low shelves—but she couldn't find her glasses.

"I'll just have to try to make candy without looking at the recipes," she said to herself. She squinted as she got out the enormous copper kettles, the long wooden spoons, and the big mixing bowls. She worked hard pouring and mixing sugar, milk, butter, flavoring, and all the delicious things that she kept in the little kitchen in back of the store.

She had just poured the last batch into the big tray when Mr. Flynn called out, "Got my peanut brittle ready?"

Miss Bittersweet leaned over and peered real carefully into each pan. She took a sack and filled it with candy from the next-to-the-biggest tray.

"There you are, Mr. Flynn,"

she beamed, "fresh as can be."

"Can't stand stale peanuts," Mr. Flynn said. "That's why I like your peanut brittle—the nuts are always fresh."

He was followed closely by fussy Mrs. Gravelpit. "I hope my chocolate fudge is ready." She straightened her fur cape and took her coin purse from her shiny red leather handbag.

"It's still warm," said Miss Bittersweet as she handed her the sack.

Customers came in so fast for a few minutes that she hardly had time to cut the candy and put it into sacks. She couldn't see the figures on the scale that she used to weigh the candy. So she just gave everyone a big sackful.

When the last one of the regular customers left, Miss Bittersweet dropped down to rest a minute on the high stool that she kept behind the counter. "Maybe I don't need to wear glasses," she said to herself hopefully.

Just then Mr. Flynn opened the

(Continued on page 30)





Many married couples are faced with the responsibility of caring for elderly parents. Unless absolutely necessary, it is not advisable to have these senior citizens move in with their children. They are usually happier in their own, familiar surroundings.

One morning Sarah Brown, a happily married matron in her early thirties, received a letter from her husband's mother—a letter carefully and thoughtfully written: "Dear Sarah," it read. "I have thought and prayed over the decision that I am now about to make. It was generous of you and John to let me feel that I am welcome to make your home my home, now that I am alone. Thanks for being so very frank and fair in stating some of the problems and considerations. I, too, am aware of still further adjustments which we would need to face together . . ." and so the letter went on.

The Browns are just one of thousands of couples who are faced with a growing American concern—that of helping aged parents to make a satisfactory adjustment to the problems and opportunities of their declining years.

Because of medical and technological advance more people are likely to live longer; and the proportion of older persons in the population has grown spectacularly in recent years. Though more people live longer, little has been done to enable them to meet the psychological problems that they are bound to meet. (*When You Grow Older*, Lawton and Stewart.)

Many younger married couples are troubled as they honestly try to assess their responsibility to their aging parents. Likewise, older people are aware that there are problems for them and are justifiably concerned about their decisions and plans.

Let us look at the situation first of all from the viewpoint of the younger Browns. What factors in their consideration prompted the original letter inviting Mother Brown to make her home with them? They have looked at all sides of the question. On the positive side it would seem to be ideal for the parent to live with her children, since there may be certain advantages to both. It would mean a division of work in the care of the home and the rearing of the children. It would mean that the younger couple would be able to give careful oversight to the older parent so far as health, transportation, and activities were concerned. On the negative side the Browns would have to face honestly the problem of the well-meaning parent who unconsciously assumes the role of manager in the affairs of the family. There would also be the differences in philosophy about the way that the children should be reared and whose authority should prevail in the management of the household, the preparation of meals, and the working out of the family schedule.

When both positive and negative factors were weighed, it seemed wise to the young Browns to seek the solution to their mother's loneliness and need by inviting her to make their home her home.

Let us look at the situation as it might have appeared to the elder Mrs. Brown. She has considered these and other adjustments. She has wisely reflected upon how difficult it will be to live under the same

# WHAT ABOUT OUR PARENTS?

roof with her beloved children and grandchildren and not interfere in the routine of family activities and interests. She knows that it is difficult for a parent to stand by and watch in discreet silence if the younger parents choose to follow paths that in her opinion are wrong. Perhaps they might find it more relaxing to lie in bed on Sunday morning instead of getting up early and going as a family to church. Perhaps she might find it her lot to be involved in a family where there is social drinking on occasion. Mother Brown knows that she must face the fact that she has finished her job as a parent, and her adult children will make their own decisions independent of her help. She is aware that even the joyous task of baby sitting might become a source of annoyance. Grandparents do like to stay with their grandchildren, and they do not object to making it possible for their children to have an occasional night out or even a week away. Should the young couple take advantage of the situation, however, and impose upon the parent, tensions might well arise.

In this day of compact housing, there frequently is not enough privacy and quiet to maintain happiness for three generations living under the same roof—an aged parent, an adult couple, and three or four active youngsters.

The elder Mrs. Brown is weighing all of these factors as she writes, and she has not yet reached her final decision as to what she should do. Both the

younger couple and the older mother realize that these matters will need careful consideration and that happiness for both will, to no small degree, depend upon a clear understanding of relationships and responsibilities in the home.

Many couples older than the Brown family are wrestling with much the same types of problems and anxieties. Factors in the family situation vary in many ways; but basic questions remain much the same, and some which have to be answered are these: What is our obligation to our parents? What do they want or need? What specific arrangements can be made or assistance given which will make them happy in their later years?

It is impossible to give a set of answers that can apply to all situations. Nevertheless, the increasing study and attention given to this subject is bringing to light certain principles which can be of help in guiding all concerned in the drawing of sound conclusions. Several of these principles might be stated as follows:

(1) The establishment of a common residence whereby the aging parents are taken into the home. This is not a ready-made solution and should be done only when necessity demands or when factors involved give a reasonable chance for happiness on the part of both parties.

One couple recently said that they realized too



late that what they thought would bring the most happiness to their aged mother and the most peace of mind to them, actually brought her discontent and them self-accusations for not visualizing more accurately her real need. They thought that bringing her to live with them was the answer, but later realized that no sacrifice on their part would have been too much to have kept her in a familiar environment where at least she would have felt content, if not completely happy. Most people who have had experience at this point, the older parents and their children as well, advise that great care should be taken at this point.

The time will, of course, come when a parent or parents, for reasons of health, will have to be cared for. Even then, however, they should not be moved into the home of their married children unless it is really necessary. Often having someone come to care for them in their own home will be satisfactory,

at least for a while. It may be, too, that a change of residence from a big house, with all of its responsibilities and cares, to a small apartment near the church and stores will be the solution. One might be criticized by some as unkind or ungrateful to his parents for taking these measures; but he should be guided in his judgment by his parents' real needs.

(2) It must be remembered that when the aging parents move into the home, the family situation changes and a new pattern of relationships must be developed. It is highly unlikely that both parents and children will be able to maintain their lives as before, even though this is frequently the desire expressed by both.

(3) The increasing facilities for the care of the aged will provide a greater variety of solutions for problems having to do with the care of aging parents. Private boarding care in a reputable home as near

## for "WHAT ABOUT OUR PARENTS?"

# Study Guide

### Leader's Preparation

Your purpose is (a) to help the group realize that a concern about their parents is a normal thing. Most couples at one time or another encounter some phase of the situation as outlined in the study article. (b) To prepare the group for an open, frank, and sympathetic discussion. (c) To make them aware of the need to plan not only for their own parents but to think and plan for their own future as senior citizens.

Read the article and have as many of the group as possible read it before the meeting. Acquaint yourself with the suggested reading materials and have some of them on display. Advance reading by some of the group would be helpful.

### Conducting the Meeting

Begin with a worship service; using as a suggested scripture Colossians 3:12-14.

State the purpose of the meeting and set the stage for the discussion, using one of the following approaches:

1. A testimonial session is not out of place in a study group. Often, this is the best way to get honest feelings expressed. The members of the group could be encouraged to share their experiences and problems and the solutions to their problems.

2. Divide the group into listening teams, and assign to each team a specific role to assume as they listen to the article read. A discussion would follow.

### Example:

The first listening team might be assigned the role of a young couple considering what to do about their aging parents. This group is to listen to the article with ears, heart, mind, and reactions of a young couple in this position. They should be told that they will be asked to share their reactions with the total group.

The second listening team might be assigned the role of an older parent who is considering what to do now that he is getting well along in years.

The third listening team might look for new ideas.

The fourth listening team might look for things with which they agree.

The fifth listening team might look for things with which they disagree.

3. Another approach that could be made in a study group would be to have them consider what their church could do to help the "older Mrs. Browns" and senior citizens who are a part of their congregation. The community service committee of the church could assist in this study program, which could well lead to a social action project in the name of the church. At the same time the individuals would be forced to consider the viewpoint of the parent, which is sometimes not thought of by the younger generation.

### Questions for Discussion.

1. How can a young couple reconcile their views of child care with those of their older parents?

2. What attitude should a couple assume when parents interfere in their religious life? Social life?

3. How can a young mother achieve the right balance as a mother—wife—daughter in a home where three generations are living?

(Continued on page 28)

as possible to the familiar surroundings of his old neighborhood is often the answer. The idea of boarding care is still relatively new and is often looked upon by both the older parent and his children as shocking and disrespectful. In Edith Stern's book, *You and Your Aging Parents*, we read that many older persons are happier as boarders than they would be as members of their children's households. This does not mean lack of love or concern on either side. It is simply a fact of life that needs to be recognized. These words should bring comfort to older parents and their children alike.

An increasing number of paying homes, sponsored and supervised by churches, are providing happy and efficient residences for many of the church's senior citizens.

(4) Preparation for retirement and the making of adjustments in the later years of life should be

the concern of young couples. Planning for these years might well begin during the middle thirties, according to the best authorities. The tendency toward early retirement leaves many older people to face boredom and a feeling of uselessness unless they have had the foresight to plan for these "golden years." Much reading material is now available on this subject and could well be included on the young family's reading table.

As adult children begin asking themselves questions concerning care for their parents, they will need to study their own individual situation, and face the facts honestly, sympathetically, and openly. Perhaps their greatest hope and resource in finding Christian answers can be summed up in Edith Stern's comment that the Fifth Commandment still is a strong influence in our time even though many lament loudly that family ties are weakening. (*You and Your Aging Parent*, by Edith Stern.)

# BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the completed pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A	A day for rest or celebration -----	1 28 62 58 6 72 31
B	To praise someone insincerely -----	107 43 4 7 40 50 67
C	Man who sews -----	53 17 76 27 46 85
D	Secret place in which to hide -----	9 5 30 2 21 47 59
E	Slave to Abraham's wife Sarah -----	41 102 99 54 34
F	What you pay to cross some bridges -----	111 83 63 71
G	Thick-haired, small dog --	112 49 36 75
H	To make thinner by mixing with water -----	89 10 44 33 96 23
I	Handle of a sword -----	60 108 19 103
J	Disappear -----	22 79 117 92 95 78
K	Powerful -----	119 87 35 91 77 12
L	Grassland -----	11 26 61 37 65 57
M	Wit -----	97 66 114 13 29
N	Kind of fence that is barbed -----	38 94 100 120

O	To mourn greatly -----	80 42 86 98 55 122
P	In the Bible this order is "Golden" -----	109 14 81 101
Q	Like a good beach should be -----	15 116 121 118 64
R	Head covering for a baby -----	25 69 32 106
S	Opposite of plus -----	115 39 73 84 68
T	Strong and healthy -----	93 24 70 48 56 45
U	Little Boy Blue's instrument -----	16 113 52 105
V	Ball ground for the small fry -----	3 51 88 74 20 8 90
W	To kill -----	110 18 104 82

(Solution on page 30)

	1	2		3	4	5	6		7	8		9
10	11		12	13	14		15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23		24	25	26		27	28	29	30
	31	32	33	34		35	36	37		38	39	40
41		42	43	44		45	46	47	48		49	50
51	52	53		54	55	56		57	58	59	60	
61	62	63		64	65	66	67		68	69	70	71
	72	73	74		75	76	77	78		79	80	81
	82	83	84	85		86	87	88	89		90	91
92	93		94	95		96	97	98		99	100	101
102	103		104	105	106		107	108	109	110	111	
112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122		



# Try a Family Suggestion Box

Many business establishments have suggestion boxes, into which employees contribute their ideas for making the company run more efficiently. This author tells of a family who put a suggestion box in their home, and it turned out to be "a real treasure chest."

Not long ago when I was visiting my friends, the Masons, one of their young neighbors dashed in to give us an enthusiastic account of how she had just won a savings bond for a suggestion that she had dropped into her company's employees' suggestion box. Not only had her idea simplified a routine operation, but the time saved would also mean a monetary savings for her company.

When the young neighbor had gone, I could tell that the four Mason children were especially impressed. Sixteen-year-old Johnny said, "I wish I could get in on something like that. I've got lots of ideas."

"Me, too!" chimed in 14-year-old Sue.

By this time the other two children, ten-year-old Fred and eight-year-old Carl, were sure a suggestion box would be just the thing to have around.

"Why don't we have a family suggestion box?" asked their father.

At first the children looked at him blankly, but he went on to explain that anyone who had ideas on how to do things around the house quicker and at a savings

to the family budget would be rewarded. In fact, and here the children brightened visibly, if their idea really saved the family money, they could have a certain per cent of the savings. They would, however, have to show how there would be a savings. Mr. Mason went on to say that each Saturday the suggestion box would be opened at a family council meeting. Then each idea would be considered. The suggestions that were at all feasible would be tried, and everyone would co-operate with the originator of the idea to prove its worthiness.

Frankly, I was interested, too. How would a suggestion box work in the average family? Would the children take it seriously! Or would it become a family joke? Mrs. Mason admitted that at first some of the suggestions were rather wild and far-fetched. There was Sue's suggestion to use the family grocery money to buy the ingredients for fudge. She and her mother would make the fudge, and the boys could sell it from door-to-door. The boys vetoed this idea at once. They knew their sister's sweet tooth was talk-

ing here rather than her sharp wits. They pointed out that no one in the family had ever made a really successful batch of fudge. Besides, the packaging of the fudge and extra utensils needed would eat up any profits they might make.

It was ten-year-old Fred who came up with the first really profitable idea. He suggested that members of the family remember to turn out lights in rooms not in use. This was an idea their father had been trying to impress on his family for years; but it didn't seem to have any effect until Fred diligently carried out his idea for a month by keeping an eagle-eye on the use of lights in his home. At the end of the month Fred had his reward, for he was able to point out jubilantly how much less the electric bill was compared to previous months.

Soon after this Johnny heard his mother say that they would have to replace their old garbage cans again, because the bottoms had rusted. Here Johnny suggested that they build a stand on which to place the cans, so they would not be standing in water on rainy days. Not only was

Johnny's idea accepted, but Johnny himself offered to build the stand. His father was very much pleased to give Johnny a bonus for the idea, as well as for the extra work.

Sue, who had never taken much interest in sewing before, came up with the suggestion that she sew some of her own clothes. It was evident that she had done quite a bit of research on the subject. She had figures to show how much material for a skirt would cost and how much more the ready-made garment would cost her. Both parents heartily approved her idea. Sue's mother gave a helping hand by assisting Sue in selecting the most simple patterns a first. Soon Sue was busy adding all kinds of attractive garments to her wardrobe. With the money she saved making most of her summer clothes, she was able to buy a lovely coat the following winter.

Even little Carl had a suggestion for the box. He suggested they save slivers of soap and use them to make shampoo with which

to give their pet dog baths!

The Mason's suggestion box has definitely been a success! Every time I visit the Masons, I see results of the children's ideas and ingenuity. There are the new brightly painted birdhouses in the back yard. These were Johnny's idea on how to use up some old scrap lumber. A shoe scraper at the back door was Fred's idea. A tasty salad I enjoyed was Sue's recipe for using the leftovers.

Mrs. Mason tells me, not only have her children become more co-operative, but they have also gotten an insight into the workings of a family budget. They have quit coming up with all sorts of extravagant requests their par-

ents couldn't possibly afford. At first, of course, the main idea was to add to their individual allowances with cash bonuses, but soon the children began to note that their suggestions put their home on a sounder basis financially. Each constructive and usable idea was an investment in their home. It gave them all a feeling of security and family partnership. The Mason children still feel a thrill every time one of their ideas brings a cash reward, but they are also finding real joy in making their home more attractive and in helping each other. The Mason's suggestion box has turned out to be a real treasure chest!

—Photo by erb



Your family may have a lot of good ideas for making the home run more smoothly.



## • Man Talk

(Continued from page 9)

mentary silence. "Your carburetor's leaking," Cliff went on. "Look here." He pointed downward, and the two heads disappeared under the hood again.

"See, it's all wet with gas," Sue heard him saying. "If you'll disconnect the fuel line from the carburetor, I think you'll find something obstructing the needle valve."

Big Dan straightened up again incredulously. "Where did you learn about the insides of a car?" he demanded.

"Worked my way through college as an auto mechanic," Cliff's voice was matter-of-fact. "Now, we'll take this off and—there it is. There's something stuck to the point of the needle valve." His head appeared again beside Big Dan's, and he held a sliver of metal up to the fading sunlight. "Looks like a hair," he said.

"Could be," the older man admitted sheepishly. "I cleaned the parts with gasoline and a paint-brush. Guess that's where it came from." As he watched Cliff bend down to replace the fuel line, there was undisguised admiration in his keen blue eyes.

When at last Cliff stood up to shove the hood back in place, Big Dan stared at him appraisingly, as though seeing him for the first time. "Maybe you're not such a son of Mary after all," he

conceded grudgingly.

"Mary?" Cliff looked puzzled. "My mother's name is Martha. Martha McCarthy."

Big Dan threw back his head and chuckled delightedly. "I might have known it would be Martha," he declared, "after this demonstration of mechanical know-how." He gave Cliff an affectionate slap on the back. "C'mon, son," he said. "We'll have to step on it, if we get you to Warford in time to wash up before church."

Squeezing his big frame behind the steering wheel again, he pushed the starter button. As they pulled back onto the highway, Sue glanced from her father to Cliff and smiled. There were smudges of grease on both faces. Their hair hung in their eyes like that of two disheveled schoolboys, and they were talking excitedly above her head. She slid down as far in her seat as she could, and felt a warm cloud of happiness engulfing her as it had on that other Sunday a week ago.

How strange, she thought, that a simple conversation between two men could blot out the unhappy events of the day and forecast a joyous future for herself and Cliff. As the voices grew louder, she stifled the laughter that bubbled up inside of her. The two men she loved most in the world were engaged in a wonderful argument. About the relative merits of two different brands of spark plugs. Man talk! That's what Big Dan had called it. Man talk!

## Help Them Get the Study Habit

(Continued from page 11)

habits of looking at whole ideas at one time, eye habits that you can develop, too. . . . In a book with ten or twelve words per line, good readers' eyes stop from two to three times per line. That is, they are seeing four- to six-word phrases at a single glance."

Next, they give a set of fairly simple yet important rules for getting the most out of study. They are the following:

**Rule 1.** Establish a regular time and place for studying. Regulate the time of the day to study and stick to it. Twenty- to thirty-minute study periods are best with five minutes' rest. Do not let the rest period get longer than you intended. Above all, let no single exception occur.

**Rule 2.** Study with a purpose and know your purpose. No subject is too dull or too hard if you think that it is worthwhile.

**Rule 3.** Always study as though you were going to take an examination. In fact, in order to fight daydreams, careless mistakes, and a wandering mind, actually take such an examination. If you recite right after each study periods, you will find yourself learning twice as much as usual.

**Rule 4.** Do not wait for inspiration to get to work. Inspiration comes from perspiration. Dig in if you want to get in the mood to study. If you study your most disliked subject hard enough to make high marks in it, it may well become your favorite subject.

**Rule 5.** Get all your equipment before you start. Let others know that you don't want to be interrupted while you study.

Now, if Pop and Mom do these three things—if they help Jack and Connie to see long-term goals and relate their studies to these goals; if they create an atmosphere in the home conducive to study; and if they teach their children good study habits—they've made a significant, lifetime contribution to the ones whom they love most dearly.

It doesn't come easy. Is there anything in life worthwhile that does? If you work at it, however, you can help your children get the study habit.

## • Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

4. What can your church do to help its senior citizens in their "golden years"?

5. Do you think that your community is critical of the boarding home or church home approach to care of the aged? If so, why? What types of homes are available in your community?

### Suggested Reading Material

*You and Your Aging Parents*, by Edith Stern, with Mabel Ross. A. A. Wyn, Inc., New York. 1952.

*The Room Upstairs*, by Nora Stirling. American Theatre Wing Community Plays, Human Relations Aids, 1790 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

*Your Rewarding Years*, by Mrs. Clarence Hamilton. Bobbs Merrill Co., Inc., New York. 1955.

*Questions Older People Ask*, by Henriette Kish. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. 1955.

*Older Adults in the Church*, by Virginia Stafford. Methodist Publishing House, New York.

*The Church's Ministry to Older Persons*, by J. D. Montgomery. Christian Board of Publication, St. Louis, Mo.

*When You Grow Older*, by George Lawton and Maxwell Stewart. Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 131. Public Affairs Committee, Inc., 22 E. 38th St., New York 16, N. Y.

*Live Long and Like It*, by C. Ward Crampton. Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 139. Public Affairs Committee, Inc., 22 E. 38th St., New York 16, N. Y.

*The Golden Years*, by Thomas Collins. John Day, New York, N. Y. 1956.



# Family Counselor

**Q** I HAVE two grand children to rear, a girl five, and a boy three and a half. The girl is developing the habit of biting her nails. She has been a bed-wetter all her life but seems to be improving since she came to me. I know she is a very insecure child and I do everything I know to make her feel wanted, but she still clings to me, especially when we are in a strange place. Is there anything special that I should do to make her feel wanted and improve her general happiness?

The boy is a thumb-sucker when he goes to sleep. He can hardly talk so that we can understand him but he is improving greatly. The thing that I'm most concerned about is his affection for women. He will sit or stand for hours with his arms so tightly about my neck that it is really uncomfortable. He wants to do the loving. He doesn't want to be cuddled and loved as his sister does but will stand for hours in the back of my chair with his weight resting on my shoulders and it becomes so tiring sometimes that I am forced to pry him loose. He is the same way with other women who show any interest in him.

I want to love these children and help them feel secure but I sometimes think I might be making them more dependent upon me. They will not go to bed alone. I always have to stay with them until they go to sleep and then if they awaken they almost always come to my room. Their sleeping and eating habits are very irregular. Their parents are divorced and the father lives with us. They haven't seen their mother for almost a year. They talk very little about her but when the little girl says anything it is usually very touching. I realize I have a big order to make them normal children and I would appreciate any suggestions on improving them.

**A** YOUR questions show real understanding and appreciation of the problem you face in providing your grandchildren with an environment that will give them feelings of security and confidence.

Your problem is, as you say, to give the children

the love and affection they so desperately need, without at the same time making them unduly dependent upon you. You realize, I am sure, that for a time this may be exceedingly difficult to do, and you should not be disturbed if temporarily the children cling to you more than you would like. They have just had the experience of being separated from their mother and now they may unconsciously fear that you, too, will leave them. This is probably the reason the boy clings so tightly to you—it is his way of showing how much he needs a feeling of security. Certainly you will not scold him for doing so. You can let him know, however, that it is tiring to you to be held so tightly and to be leaned against for so long a time. Suggest other ways by which he may show his affection.

Sending them to a nursery or kindergarten school also would be of help. As the children feel more secure, the nail-biting, bed-wetting, thumb-sucking, and abnormal clinging should gradually be overcome. Do not expect the change to occur too quickly, however, and realize that even after they have made considerable progress, during times of stress or emotional upset, the bed-wetting and thumb-sucking may manifest themselves again.

You will want to help the children get to the place where they can go to sleep without your being with them. Let them know, for example, that you will be in the next room and that they may call you if they need you. They probably will call you, too, rather frequently at first, and when they do, go to them. Meet their needs, give them a kiss, tuck them in again, and leave them. In time, they should be able to go to sleep without your being with them.

Helpful pamphlets to read would be *Your Child From One to Six* (FS3.209:30, 20 cents) and *Your Child From Six to Twelve* (FS3.209:324, 20 cents), published by the Children's Bureau, and for sale by Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

*Donald M. Maynard*



## • Family Friends

(Continued from page 15)

thought of myself as a teacher, like you say I am. Why, I feel different about this job and myself, too. I'm kind of important."

Recently, the music maker telephoned my niece to see if the date for the birthday of her youngest little daughter was the one given to him. He said he wanted to sing the birthday song to her. My niece asked, "How did you learn about her birthday?"

He hunted out the letter which had asked him to sing to tiny Ann Louise. He read the name signed to it—the name of the baby sitter, who had realized the importance of her job in regard to bringing the right kind of friends into the families that she serves.

Yes, the job of parenthood today is a heavy one—too heavy for a single pair of shoulders. For that reason we need to call to our help the baby sitters, the editors of comics, the men and women who plan and make our radio and television programs, and those who are interested in recreation. We need to say to them:

"The children in our homes today will be tomorrow's leaders and citizens. Help us to give them only the best and keep the worst from them. For all parents we make this plea—those who allow only good friends to enter their home—and those who have thus far failed to do it. It is not yet too late for them to begin."

## Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

He said to him, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the great and first commandment." (Matthew 22:37-38.)

### The Words

A	Holiday	L	Meadow
B	Flatter	M	Humor
C	Tailor	N	Wire
D	Hideout	O	Lament
E	Hagar	P	Rule
F	Toll	Q	Sandy
G	Chow	R	Hood
H	Dilute	S	Minus
I	Hilt	T	Sturdy
J	Banish	U	Horn
K	Mighty	V	Sandlot
	W	Slay	

## • Miss Bittersweet Makes Candy

(Continued from page 21)

door. He came in and pounded on the counter. His face got as red as the jar of redhots that Miss Bittersweet always kept next to the cash register.

"Miss Bittersweet," he roared, "that peanut brittle you sold me isn't peanut brittle at all. I don't know what kind of nuts you put in it, but when I buy peanut brittle—I want peanuts in it."

"Oh dear animal crackers!" Miss Bittersweet hardly finished saying "crackers" when Mrs. Gravelpit came in. She put the sack of candy on the counter. "I never felt so bad in all my life," she snapped. "Fido loves fudge, and I always buy him some every Saturday. Poor little dog, he was heartbroken when he took a bite of that candy. There isn't a speck of chocolate in it."

"Oh dear—," Miss Bittersweet couldn't get a chance to console them or explain about her glasses because too many people kept coming in to complain about the candy.

"You know I always get peppermint sticks," boomed Mr. Hightower. "I wouldn't think of letting my children have chocolate creams, and they ate that whole sackful up before I discovered that it wasn't peppermint sticks." If my seven children all have stomach aches, I shall expect you to sit up with them."

"Oh dear animal—," Miss Bittersweet wrung her hands.

"Taffy, purple taffy with coconut in it!" Mr. Weatherhull talked so loud that people passing by stopped to look it. "I always get cream patties without nuts, without coconut, without anything. You know with my store teeth I can't eat hard things, and now you give me taffy with coconut and purple taffy at that!" He threw the sack down on the counter beside all the other sacks.

The little store was almost full of people. They all seemed to be talking at once. None of them would stop long enough to give Miss Bittersweet a chance to explain.

Mr. Laffalot opened the door and walked toward the counter. He seemed surprised to see so many people. "Good afternoon," he said looking around, "Miss Bittersweet certainly is popular today. No wonder! She makes the best candy in North Norton."

He walked over and handed her a sack. "I bought some divinity this morning," he said, "but I didn't eat any until this afternoon. I found these in the sack when I opened it." He laughed and laughed as he handed Miss Bittersweet her glasses.

"Oh dear animal crackers," sighed Miss Bittersweet as she put on her glasses. "I've been trying to explain," she went on, "that I couldn't find my glasses this morning and that I had to make the candy without looking at the recipes. I guess," she said as she looked around at the frowning faces, "I guess I got some of the things a little bit mixed up." Mr. Laffalot looked around

too; then he went off into a gale of laughter. He laughed and laughed. The more he heard about the candy Miss Bittersweet made without her glasses—the harder he laughed. "Peanut brittle with walnuts in it—purple taffy with coconut—chocolate fudge without chocolate!" He laughed so hard he could hardly talk.

Mr. Laffalot laughed so hard it made all the others laugh just to watch him. That is, everyone but Miss Bittersweet. She felt very bad because she always tried so hard to please all her customers.

"I know what I will do," she said so loudly that they all stopped laughing and looked at her. "I will make all of you some more candy, and I will send all this surprise candy to the orphans' home. Children love surprises. It will be a surprise to get the candy, and it will be a bigger surprise when they find purple taffy and chocolate fudge without chocolate."

"I will take it to them," boomed Mr. Flynn.

"I would like to go along and take Fido," said Mrs. Gravelpit meekly. "I am sure the children would love to watch him do his tricks."

"Well, well," said Mr. Hightower, "I will have ice cream sent out for their Sunday dinner."

"We want to pay for the materials that Miss Bittersweet used in making the candy," said all the other customers. So Mr. Laffalot passed around his hat and they dropped in dimes and quarters.

Miss Bittersweet had to take off her glasses. "Dirty," she said, but everyone knew she was crying because she was so happy.

"While you are gone to the orphans' home, I will get busy and make all of you some more candy," smiled Miss Bittersweet, "and," she promised, "I'll wear my glasses."

"It's all right if you don't," they laughed as they trooped out carrying the big trays of candy.

Miss Bittersweet got out the recipe books and propped them up where she could see them as plain as could be. She carefully put all the paper sacks under the counter, then settled her glasses firmly on her nose. "A person should never make the same mistake twice," she told herself emphatically.

It's a Fact:



PUPIL PUPPY PUPPET

all mean "little doll"





# BOOKS

## for the hearthside

### For Children

Boys and girls who love dogs will enjoy **Chief Takes Over**, by Helen Rushmore (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1956, 130 pages, \$2.75). Randy had long wanted a dog, but Mother insisted that the house was too small. When Randy's disappointment seemed keenest, he found a half-starved collie and he took it home. He was to keep it just one day, but, though he really tried, there seemed to be no way to get rid of Chief, as he called the dog. There were numerous expenses connected with owning a dog, too. Randy's older brother, who planned to be a lawyer, helped him out of each difficulty. The climax of the story comes as Chief wins the affections and gratitude of Randy's mother and becomes a "family dog," instead of Randy's dog. Charles Greer's illustrations will add to the interest of boys and girls in this warm and enjoyable story.

### For Youth

The problem of the fair treatment of the Indians in our country is the theme of **Mountain Dog** by Hubert Evans (Westminster, Phila., 1956, 167 pages, \$2.75). Hal Radigan is an Indian boy who comes home to his village from high school in Vancouver to discover that his people are being betrayed and exploited by a white promoter. In his efforts to help his people Hal is aided by a young research student, Pete Devon, and a stray Airedale named Rory. Although British Columbia supplies the locale for the book, it has implications for the Indian problem in the United States. The Mounted Police enter the plot and add to its dramatic excitement. The author knows his theme well, having lived and worked among the Indians in that area.

★ ★ ★

**Second Year Nurse**, by Margaret McCulloch (Westminster, Phila., 1957, 187 pages, \$2.75), tells the story of Jan Russell, compelled to forego college for nursing school by the death of her doctor father. It is an absorbing account of the difficulties and also the very real rewards of the nursing career. Romance plays an interesting part in the story, involving Jan in complications with three eligible but widely different young men. The author is herself a nurse and writes with skill and authenticity.

★ ★ ★

Games are not always won or lost on the playing field alone. **Side Line Victory**, by Jack Paulson (Westminster, Phila., 1957, 185 pages, \$2.75), tells how Jerry Dale, too small to play football, does his part in helping his school to victory by his work as sports writer for the high school paper. Involved in the plot are the Big Four, a group of star players who resent the plans of their new coach, Bill Randal; Boop Stanton, the girl cheerleader; Bill Moore, the team captain; and Grant Dale, Jerry's All-American uncle who is also a sports writer. A good book for the football season.

★ ★ ★

Teen-agers who are puzzled by their parents will find enlightenment in Ernest G. Osborn's **Understanding Your Parents** (Association Press, New York, 1956, 122 pages, \$1.75). Written with understanding by one who remembers his own youth, whose own children have helped him remember his youth, and whose counseling of hundreds of young people has given him still further authority in this field, this book should be put in the hands of all teen-agers and their parents.

### For Adults

Books on the practice of prayer are of perennial interest. **A Simple Guide to Prayer**, by John Underwood Ste-

phens (Abingdon, Nashville, 1957, 124 pages, \$2), is one that should help all who read it to a better understanding and use of this basic tool of Christian faith and experience. The author is writing to the needs of those who pray little or not at all; those who find prayer dull and meaningless; those whose prayer life is vital but still has room to grow, those who seek encouragement and refreshment in their prayer pilgrimage; and every man who wants to draw nearer to God.

★ ★ ★

Leslie D. Weatherhead, famed British preacher and writer, has given us another challenging book in his **Prescription for Anxiety** (Abingdon, Nashville, 1957, 157 pages, \$2.50). Since ours has been called the Age of Anxiety, his prescription comes at a very opportune time. In a time when aspirins by the ton and tranquilizers by the trainload are being consumed by our jittery contemporaries, there will not be many who fit the first sentence of his introduction: "This little book will not be the slightest use to a person who never worries and who does not know what it is to be plagued by anxious fears." Naturally, his prescription is not new, since it is based on some very ancient writings. Hence, it will probably be missed or ignored by those who are looking for a quick and easy way out, by way of a bottle—alcoholic or medicinal—rather than a book.

★ ★ ★

**Power to Become**, by Lewis L. Dunn-nington (Macmillan, N. Y., 1956, 223 pages, \$2.95), is another in a series of books by the same author dealing with the spiritual power which lies in all men but which is largely untapped. He suggests how the earnest searcher for abundant life can lay hold on tools that will help him develop those deeper resources. The author is a popular minister and writer, whose techniques for positive thinking have been helpful to thousands of his hearers and readers.



# Over the back fence

## ● More Important Than Ever!

As the year 1958 breaks in upon us, many people are wondering—what will the new year bring to the world?

Although there will be many educated and uneducated guesses in the attempt to answer the question, no one really *knows* what 1958 holds for humanity.

It is not our purpose here to make any guesses. It is simply to express what we *know* will be needed by all of us, regardless of what the year brings to us.

There are three things that are eternally necessary for us to have and which this year are probably more important than ever. They are the abiding realities in the midst of changing circumstances.

*We will need to have faith!* The first object of our faith must be God. Our faith in God must be great enough to believe that his purposes for mankind are being worked out even when all the obvious evidence points in the direction of their frustration. Such a faith is not now and never has been easy. Because man does not know God too well, faith in him is usually a continual struggle.

*We also must have faith in our fellowmen!* That faith, too, is difficult, largely because we do know our fellows pretty well. We have been frequently disappointed when we have trusted in them. Yet it would be impossible to live for a single day without faith in mankind, for we are utterly dependent upon each other for the basic necessities of life. What is needed is for all of us to extend the boundaries of our trust into larger areas.

*We need to live in hope!* "In hope that sends a shining ray, far down the future's broad'ning way." It is indeed a narrow line that distinguishes faith from hope.

Perhaps the best we can do is to say that hope is only faith with a touch of shining glory in it. It is interesting how frequently the word hope appears in the New Testament associated with such words as "living," "glory," "rejoicing," "joy," "good," "blessed," and "lively." It is not just a play on words to say, How hopeless would our plight be in 1958 without hope!

*We need to love!* Perhaps no goal we can set for ourselves in 1958 would be more important than to learn to love the people and the things we do not like. It is such love that Paul says is the greatest thing in the world. It is relatively easy, and useless, to love only those who love us. At that level we are living on a plane no higher than that of the lower animals. And we were created to be but little lower than God, cried the psalmist.

To live in 1958 by that kind of love will take a bit of doing that will be possible only through the grace of God. The year will undoubtedly bring us many occasions when his grace and our love will be put to demanding tests.

If, then, we have these three, we shall have resources that will enable us to greet the new year, with all its unpredictable problems and opportunities, with a cheer.

## ● A Grand Summer Opportunity!

If you would like to work this summer at the American Baptist Assembly, write to the Personnel Director, American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis. There will be openings for college students, who have completed the first, second, or third year, on the Student Staff. Persons who are over 18 years of age are also needed on the Young Adult and Adult Staffs.

You are advised that work will be quite hard, somewhat long, and not too highly paid. Much of your reward will be in the fellowship, the Christian environment, contacts with Christian leaders from all over the world, and the knowledge that you are making a contribution to the training of servants for the Kingdom of God.



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"If there's anything I can't stand, it's somebody reading over my shoulder."

#### Study Articles for the Coming Year

- January—"What About Our Parents?"
- February—"Interracial Friendship in the Family"
- March—"What Moving Means to Children"
- April—"Helping Children Find Their Place in the Church"
- May—"The Family—a Living Laboratory in Group Relations"
- June—"The Family Practices Religion at Home"
- July—"Good Neighbors"
- August—"What Vacation Has Meant to Us"
- September—"Children and Religious Experience"
- October—"Making Church Worship Meaningful at Home"
- November—"What If You Disagree with Those Who Teach Your Children?"
- December—"Are We Getting Ahead?" (family inventory and evaluation)

Titles are subject to "change without notice."





**To My Son  
Faith at Our House  
BY DALE EVANS ROGERS**

Problems, patience, chores, confessions, rascals' ruse and real religion are described in this round-the-clock account of the raising of the Rogers seven children...their "international" family. In this series of letters to

Tom, her son who led her to accept Jesus Christ as her Lord and Savior, the wife of America's foremost cowboy star tells what religion means to the Rogers family. \$2.00

**The Church: The Gifted and the Retarded Child  
BY CHARLES F. KEMP**

A first book for ministers and religious educators in this phase of their work. Here is applied psychology in religion and guidance as related to the exceptional mind, those minds above and below average intelligence. Since the subject concerns a major portion of our population, the information should act as inspiration and stimulus to every church worker. Exceptional minds can be helped to make the most of potentialities, limitations for fullest stewardship of abilities. \$3.50

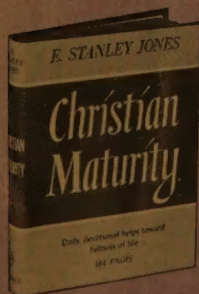
**Run Sammy Run  
BY S. S. LAPPIN**

Intensely written, this autobiography is the outpouring of a strong Christian soul. The story begins with the birth of the author in 1870 near Dry Fork Creek, Illinois. Religious and social details of the late nineteenth century—family Bible reading, sitting around cast-iron stoves, log-cabin life—are incorporated into this interesting book. The private life of a young minister—taking his bride to the parsonage, development of talents for ministerial leadership, writing, publishing and editing experiences make fascinating reading. Probable price, \$3.00

**Christian Maturity  
BY E. STANLEY JONES**

Daily devotional helps toward fullness of life. Each of the 364 page-a-day devotions begins with a Scripture reading, followed by a meditation, a short prayer and an affirmation.

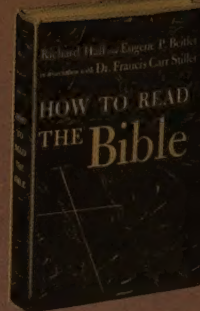
Suitable for daily meditation or for use as a weekly unit by study groups, to help the individual achieve Christian maturity—ability to function happily, usefully, with heightened capacity in a given situation. \$1.50



*New  
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**How to Read The Bible  
BY RICHARD HALL,  
EUGENE P. BEITLER  
IN ASSOCIATION WITH  
DR. FRANCIS CARR STIFLER**

Here are the simplest and the most stimulating guideposts to finding the help, the comfort, the beauty, the universal wisdom which await us in the pages of this best seller of all time. Written for those looking for a key to reading the Bible for pure enjoyment. \$2.95



**The Bible Cookbook  
BY MARION MAEVE O'BRIEN**

A basic cookbook with religious orientation. Instruction is included for preparation of practically every food imaginable: hor d'oeuvres, fish, meats, fowl, milk, herbs, sauces, grains, etc. Each recipe was selected to give unsurpassed quality to the finished dish. There are introductory comments about early Christian and Hebrew diets and culinary habits; a section on table graces; scattered biblical verses; a chapter on "Feeding the Multitudes." Probable price, \$3.50

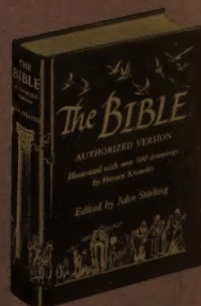
**Greater Men and Women of the Bible  
BY WILL SESSIONS**

A selection of concise statements about 52 prominent men (45) and women (7) of the Bible. Thirty-seven Old Testament and fifteen New Testament persons are included. Chapters begin with a summary of basic historical data necessary to place the individual in the proper setting. Then a colorful summary follows showing activities engaged in, religious wars, personal conflicts, triumphs over paganism and other inspiring encounters. Buttressed by recent archeological discoveries, the principle of interpreting significance of each character is assumed to be found in the Bible. \$3.75

**The "Visual Aids" Bible**

The beloved King James Bible, teeming with pictures that make its Story live, glow. A Bible that should be in every home. Over five hundred illustrations clarify the text. Time signals; subject headings; landscapes, cities; marginal chapter, verse numbers; subheadings; mileage markers; maps.

- S1—Blue Buckram.....\$3.00
- S2—Black Imitation Leather,  
red-under-gold edges.....\$4.25



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